

## the hidden letters by remusjlupjn

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2018-01-24

**Updated:** 2018-01-24

**Packaged:** 2022-04-20 16:29:56

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 354

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

## the hidden letters

Dear Harrington,

It's the 31st of october 1985 and im writing to you again, well not really to you, because you will never see them, but nevertheless, i am writing to you.

You would think a cool badass like me would be partying dressed in some crazy outfit, but here i go again, hiding in my room, from my dad. Max has gone out though, trick or treating, dressed as a gremlin, a fucking gremlin. Her and all her friend's have dressed as gremlins because they are losers.

But then again, they are out and i am sat in my room listening David Bowie and crying over the straight boy I am in love whilst writing hypothetical letters.

Sometimes i wonder if you like David Bowie, then i have to slap myself because Harringtons don't love men, they love women and they certainly don't cry over David Bowie.

I think my favourite song might be 'Heros' , it's a beautiful song to listen to in the rain, as it hits the windshield, as i think of you, as i think of us kissing, as i think of the people that think i'm evil, as i think of all the people who think of you as their hero, like the kids, like my sister. I think of us one day in the future, standing on the top of a hill, drunkenly singing to this song, as my world quickly transforms from black and white to colour, because you are king, and you'd have saved me from my dad and we him, just for that day, and we are in love.

Then i remember, you hate me and i hat(lov)e you, and you think I'm a bastard, a bully, the lowest of the low, and you're not wrong. I bully your friends and their siblings and my own sister, and worst of all you.

I thought making you hate me would help, im guessing it didn't, here i am writing you letters that you will never see.

This is letter two hundred and sixty four in a collection called my stupid delusions.

Sincerely,  
Billy Harrgrove.